Lass of Loch Royale (Lord Gregory)

Lass of Loch Royale (Lord Gregory)

"Oh wha will lace my shoes sae sma'
And wha will glove my hand
And wha will lace my middle sae jimp
Wi' my new-made linen band?

"Wha will kaim my yellow hair
Wi' my new siller kaim
And wha will faither my young son
Till Lord Gregory come hame?

"But I will get a bonnie boat
And I will sail the sea
For I maun gang to Lord Gregory
Since he canna come hame to me

"Oh row ye boat, ye mariners
And bring me to dry land
For yonder I see my love's castel
Close by the saut sea strand

"Oh open the door, Lord Gregory
Open and let me in
For the wind blows through my yellow hair
And I am shivering to the chin"

"Awa', awa' ye wile woman
Some ill death may ye dee
Ye're but a witch or a wild warlock
Or mermaid o' the sea"

"I'm neither a witch nor a wild warlock
Nor mermaid o' the sea
But I'm fair Annie o' Roch Royal
Oh, open the door to me

"Oh dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory
When ye sat at the wine
We changed the rings frae our fingers
And I can show thee thine

"Oh, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory

When in my faither's ha'
'Twas there ye got your will o' me
And that was worst o' a'"

"Awa', awa', ye wile woman
For here ye sanna win in
Gae droon ye in the saut, saut sea
Or hang on the gallow's pin"

When the cock did craw and the day did daw'
And the sun began to peep
Then up did rise Lord Gregory
And sair, sair did he weep

"I dreamt a dream, my mither dear
The thocht o't gars me greet
I dreamed fair Annie o' Roch Royal
Lay cauld deid at my feet"

"Gin it be Annie o' Roch Royal
That gars ye mak' this din
She stood a' nicht at our ha' door
But I didna let her in"

"Oh wae betide ye, ill woman
Some ill death may ye dee
That ye wadna be letten poor Annie in
Or else hae waukened me"

He's gane doon tae yon sea shore
As fast as he could fare
And he saw fair Annie in her boat
And the wind it tossed her sair

The wind blew loud and the sea grew rough
And the boat was dashed on shore
Fair Annie floated on the wave
But her young son rose no more

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair
And made his heavy moan
Fair Annie lay deid at his feet
But his bonnie young son was gane

"Oh wae betide ye, cruel mither
Some ill death may ye dee
That ye couldna hae letten fair Annie in
When she came sae far tae me"

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